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# The TATLER

Vol. GXC  
No. 2475

and BYSTANDER

London  
December 15, 1948

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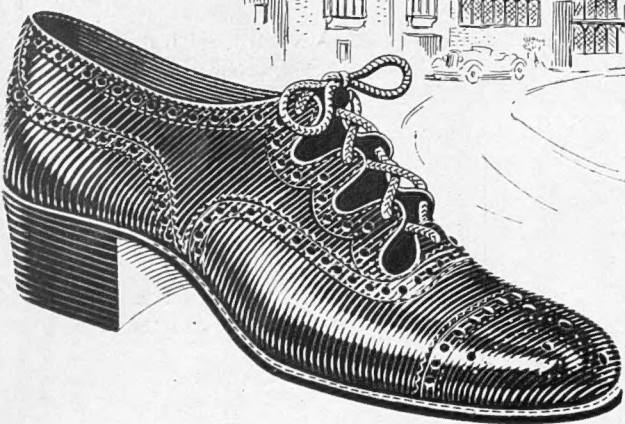
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# The TATLER and BYSTANDER

Vol. CXC. No. 2475

Two Shillings

LONDON

DECEMBER 15, 1948



Lenart

**THE MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY** photographed at Londonderry House, Park Lane, in the gown and jewels she wore at the opening of Parliament. Lady Londonderry, who is standing in front of a Lawrence portrait of Robert, Viscount Castlereagh, later 2nd Marquess of Londonderry, is wearing a diamond tiara, earrings and stomacher which are heirlooms of the Londonderry family. Before the war the Marchioness was one of London's leading hostesses and was famous for her Eve of Parliament receptions at Londonderry House, which was severely scarred by bombing during the war. The Marquess and Marchioness now spend a good deal of their time at their Irish home, Mount Stewart, Newtownards, Co. Down





*Axel Haeggloef, eight-year-old son of the Swedish Ambassador in London, buys a toy horse from his mother who was a stallholder at the Christmas Fair held at the Swedish Hall, Harcourt Street, W. The fair was organized by members of the Swedish colony in London, and was in aid of church funds*

## Some Portraits in Print

I HAVE been looking into the history of the Christmas tree as a result of a walk the length of Regent Street, where is a brave show of them—emphasizing, alas, the rugged individualism of the shop owners rather than any architectural unity left to that once model thoroughfare.

A stout effort, none the less; it is good to see a London street agreeing to be proud of itself again.

It would seem that the Christmas tree is yet another of those importations for which we must thank the good Albert, Prince of Coburg and Gotha, for it was he who set the fashion at Windsor in 1841—on the first Christmas of the new-born Prince Edward's life.

One likes to think of the picture in those forties of a hundred years ago. The proud little Queen with the handsome Prince Consort by her side. Nearly every Christmas another little prince or princess carried in to join the family circle and see the pretty lights and tinselled decorations: Louise, Helena, Arthur, Leopold, Beatrice and little Alfred who was to be the Duke of Edinburgh and become an Admiral of the Fleet.

MOST of our Christmas customs to-day come by way of Germany, tempered here and there with the amalgam of the German-American.

When Mr. Selfridge arrived in London forty years ago with his Chicago notions he must have given quite a fillip to the whole Christmas business. The shop that bears his name is another brave sight in the West End these days—and would be these nights, if it had the kind permission of Mr. Gaitskell.

The tree, one imagines, was a reminder to pagan minds that although winter comes, spring will not be far behind; an assurance

that nature is merely hibernating. Just as the purpose of a mid-winter carnival was obviously to break the monotony of the darkness and cold.

Such was the *Saturnalia* of the Romans, who also had a feast for the dolls, *Sigillaria*, to say nothing of *Juvenilia* for children generally—all these (and some more) in the last week of December.

I fancy that there must have been much parental relief (as well as Roman hangovers) by the time *Kalendae Januarii* was reached.

A YEAR or two before the war a convivial friend of mine one night compounded the potion known as "lamb's wool" which, he assured me, was the authentic liquid used in the Wassail Bowl at Jesus College in Oxford. I have forgotten what went into it; only the results.

In my research into Christmas tree lore I have come upon two "lamb's wool" recipes which might have been used that night, and which were drunk in the Wassailing ceremonies of King Charles I's court. Here they are. Take them to your nearest black market farmer and enlist his aid:—

(1) "Boil three pints of ale; beat six eggs, the whites and yolks together; set both to the fire in a pewter pot; add roasted apples, sugar, beaten nutmegs, cloves and ginger; and, being well brewed, drink it while hot."

(2) "Set ale on the fire to warm, boil a quart of cream with two or three whole cloves, add the beaten yolks of three or four eggs, stir all together, and pour into the ale; add sops or sippets of fine French bread; put them in a basin, and pour on the warm mixture, with some sugar and thick cream on that; stick it well with blanched almonds, and cast on cinnamon, ginger, and sugar, or wafers, or comfits."

If Charles the First drank much of this last one, I wonder he did not die of cirrhosis of the liver long before he did on the scaffold.

SOME artists lead lives much more fascinating than the work they leave behind them, and surely Jacques-Louis David is one such a man.

Most English people think of David (if they think of him at all) in terms of heroic-sized historical scenes, slightly before the day of Delacroix, and as a painter of Napoleon in settings which Hitler would have adored—if Hitler could have kept his seat on horses in caracoling flight.

Now David is revealed, in the pictures lent by the French Government to the Tate, as a portraitist of great merit, perhaps genius. Yet it is the life of the man, this *petit bourgeois* artist of the French Revolution (whose ardent republicanism helped to make that revolution) which captures the interest.

He had the face of a rebel, if his self-portrait done during imprisonment near the Luxembourg Gardens, after the fall of Robespierre, is to be judged lifelike. He also uttered much arrant nonsense which might have come from the lips of any of the well-intentioned of to-day e.g. "People are charmed by works of art and see their useful influence on the nation's commerce, industry and wealth."

Useful! Ugh.

He was just the type of man who falls at the feet of flashy dictators, completely abandoning all previous ideals.

WHAT held me enthralled on my visit to the Tate was the cleaning of these David canvases. They give to many of the sitters complexions of fresh-scrubbed pink,



which one seldom if ever sees in France to-day. It is highly reminiscent of the coloured oleographs which appeared in old Christmas numbers of magazines.

Yet here these pictures are—and they might have been painted yesterday, so fresh is the quality.

One picture is unsuspectingly rewarding. This is the famous unfinished portrait of Madame Recamier lying on her chaise-longue, not, it appears, her own celebrated piece of furniture but one from the artist's studio. I hoped that the other one upon which she reclined while holding her salons was a trifle more comfortable. It recalled that rich remark made by Mrs. Patrick Campbell when explaining her decision to marry.

The marriage, she said, was as the "deep, deep peace of the double bed after the hurly-burly of the chaise-longue."

ONE of the David canvases on view is a landscape painted of the Gardens when the artist was imprisoned in the Luxembourg. Through a line of trees he could catch sight each day of his children playing. There is a slight rise in the distance, whether of Montmartre or of that on which the Pantheon now stands, it is difficult to decide. Paris, in those days, one is reminded, was a city of small buildings, except for the palaces.

At least one Englishman of recent times might be judged to have been a student of David's work: the late Sir John Martin Harvey might almost seem to have been painted by David in the pose and costume he liked to affect in *The Only Way*, and in which he was photographed for posters. It is an uncanny likeness, but is actually of David's brother-in-law, painted in 1795.

Altogether, I felt that I would not have taken very much to Monsieur David; but he would have been a valuable fund of stories about the tumbril, the guillotine, the Convention (of which he became President) and above all, of Napoleon.

AN afterthought of this David show was to reflect on the permanence of the old arts and the transitory nature of their modern substitutes.

"The pictures" can refer to such quite different things.

One may walk into the National Gallery to-day and see a picture painted in 1548 showing the artist's intention in the minutest detail; but what of those other pictures—the "masterpieces" of 1948? Will they ever be examined in 2348? Or, for that matter, in 1949?

There is a similar lack of permanence about broadcasting.

On the boulevards in Paris there used to be salons in which you could go and seat yourself in an armchair, select an item from a catalogue, put five francs in a slot and receivers on your head, dial the required number and the gramophone record you wanted to hear would be played to you. One rainy afternoon I heard the whole of the last act of *Die Walküre* in this way.

It was a method of listening to music which was deplored; but how much more civilized than going into the same sort of premises to-day and being assaulted with a blaring programme of music (with "comedians" and "talkers") which one would pay the last penny to escape!

If Sir Alexander Korda, Mr. Rank and the ubiquitous B.B.C. ever got together and planned a system which would give you last year's best film which you happened to miss, and a historic broadcast likewise, I can assure them of my patronage.

—Gordon Beckles

## HAIR CUTS

I dreamt me of a lady fair  
With turned-up nose and turned-up hair.  
I met one recently in town  
But what she did was turn me down.

I dreamt me of a lady fair  
With what I'd say was windswept hair.  
The one I met was no doubt shy—  
You should have seen her sweep me by.

I dreamt me of a lady fair  
With Eton-cropped and auburn hair.  
I met one at the county hop—  
She threw me over neck and crop.

At last I dreamt me of a girl  
With nothing but a simple curl  
Securely fastened in a clip—  
And now I too am in her grip.

—Justin Richardson



LIEUT. MICHAEL PARKER, R.N., who was appointed Equerry to T.R.H. Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh soon after their wedding last year. Lt. Parker, who served with the Duke during the war on North Sea patrols and also in South-East Asia waters, is an Australian, being the third son of Capt. C. A. Parker, R.A.N., and Mrs. Parker. He is married, his wife being formerly Miss Eileen Allan, of Troon, Argyllshire, and they have a son aged four



Freda Bruce Lockhart

[ Decorations  
by Hoffnung ]

# At The Pictures

## High Endeavour



"HAD we lived, I should have a tale to tell of the hardihood, endurance and courage of my companions which would have stirred the heart of every Englishman." So wrote Scott in his last message to the public.

Scott's tale nevertheless was told in his diary and lives in legend and literature to stir our hearts. Now it has been filmed with remarkable fidelity, does the legend live on the screen?

Does *Scott of the Antarctic* stir the heart besides being a fitting choice for the Royal Performance, is it a film as well as an heroic history of which this country can be proud?

For more than half the picture, my own film addict's heart was stirred, technically and patriotically, as it has been by no film since *Henry V*. The first shots of the Antarctic ice-scape have a spacious beauty and delicate clarity of colouring which recall the French scenes of *Henry V* by their exhilarating freshness. From the very opening scenes in London, with Scott (John Mills) getting the expedition together, collecting men (from six thousand applicants) and money, the last leavetaking from New Zealand, and the first landing at Cape Evans, the sense of high adventure stimulates like mountain air. Here at last seems a British film opening its lungs, as it were, to their fullest capacity and breathing deep of beauty and nobility.

YET *Scott of the Antarctic* is the first film to shake, even briefly, my faith in the screen as a medium. For although in so many aspects it does justice to its great subject, in the end it fails to bring the legend to life. It is easier to re-create fact than legend, and perhaps the film is too faithful to recorded fact.

It follows the expedition's curve of passionate inspiration and courage mounting to the climax when the Pole is reached—too late. There, in the almost unbearable bitterness of finding Amundsen's Norwegian flag and the paw-marks of his dogs first in the snow, seemed to me the convincing justification of the use of Technicolor for the black-and-white scene. For Technicolor gives the icy tint which makes the shadow of steely glacier and iron rock on the endless snow so forbidding.

As far as the Pole, incident has given the adventure a fairly conventional dramatic build-up: one man falls down a crevasse; the huskies are sent back to base; the coffee-coloured ponies come to the point where they are more use as meat than transport, and each man must take out his own faithful beast to be shot; first one party, then another is sent back—"Three sledges. Twelve men. Man-hauling.—Two sledges. Eight men. Man-hauling"—leaving the final five men hauling one sledge.

After Scott utters that fateful phrase from his

diary on reaching the Pole—"Great God! This is an Awful Place"—anti-climax sets in as the film follows that "Worst Journey in the World" to its tragic close in failure and death.

FAILURE, yes. But neither in literature nor in legend has that triumph of character and courage ever felt like failure, or even anti-climax. Rather here began the imperishable drama.

This was the cause of my doubt. Could the camera not have captured the cumulative detail of daily intimacy, the stripping to the spirit of these five men which we sense as we read, sharing the pressure of anxiety at each lap of the struggle to within eleven miles of "stores in plenty"? I have never believed in limitations to the cinema's scope. Had Scott, aiming so high, crossed the limits? Was this tremendous drama beyond the power of the cinema to convey as finely as cold print?

The film's record seemed exact. The five members of the final party become almost indistinguishable, snowburnt, bearded, frostbitten faces under their balaclavas. But they do not grow closer to us as they seem to, reading the diaries.

Oates's death is the most glaring example of the film's achievement of accuracy without truth. His departure from the tent, unhindered by any, is so unlike all one's recollections of that simple act of laying down his life for his friends that I came straight home to my bookshelf to fault it: only to find that the scene had been played to the letter as Scott recorded it in his diary. I can only say: not to the spirit.

Something is missing in the sense of continuity (in the non-technical sense of the word) so that we cannot measure the party's progress to its doom, in these separate incidents that mark it.

What was needed here was more than devoted documentation: a stroke of inspiration on the part of director and editor to devise a convention which would give us some perspective for time and distance in this wilderness of implacable ice.

CHARLES FREND, the director, has given us many fine things in this film. Perhaps we cannot complain if he has not had the genius to rise to the human heights which made the last stage of the journey so much more glorious a triumph than any success of an expedition.

The actors deserve well for an unselfishness which the cinema can seldom use. Harold Warrender's Wilson comes most impressively to life (in spite of

the initial handicap of a Mrs. Wilson who might have been one of Prince Charlie's Edinburgh young ladies: Diana Churchill is a very much more acceptable Mrs. Scott). But Derek Bond as Oates, James Robertson Justice as "Taff" Evans, Reginald Beckwith as Bowers—though this last personality may puzzle any who have not already met him in print—also seemed to me faultless.

As for John Mills, *Scott* confirms him as, in my opinion, not only our most popular star at some polls, but our best pure film actor. It must have been a relief for him to play a full-grown character of this stature and it is no detraction from the excellence of his performance to say that I most admired it in those passages where he is not seen, but heard in a beautifully judged, dry, documentary voice, reading extracts from Scott's diary—of which the film is in the end little more than a respectful, handsome and dignified illustration.

Lastly a word for Dr. Vaughan Williams's score, which is so evocative of wind and snow and seagulls, so apposite, as film music should be, that I never noticed when it had stopped and given place to the blizzard.



Harold Warrender as Dr. Wilson ("Scott of the Antarctic")

A STRANGE sidelight on this generation seems to be thrown by its failure to develop any musical comedy convention of its own. Perhaps it was the war which drove musicals back, not only backstage but as far as the Edwardian if not Victorian music halls frequented by our fathers and grandfathers.

Both *April Showers* (Warner) and *Mother*

*Wore Tights* (Tivoli and New Gallery) follow the tours (marked by the hotel towels duly packed) of a husband and wife in period vaudeville with family complications.

At first the differences seemed few and simple: *April Showers* is black-and-white and quiet, *Mother Wore Tights* loud and coloured; Robert Ellis as the young son of Ann Sothorn and Jack Carson saves his parents' act, Betty Grable and Dan Dailey are given two daughters who end up at finishing school. Soon, however, it becomes apparent that *Mother Wore Tights* is a happy and diverting musical variation on *I Remember Mamma*, with Betty Grable of all people as Momma, and at least one superb and original scene in one of those hotels where you are frightened to make a noise by playing chess.

I have practically nothing against either of these trifles, except perhaps the fact that they are accorded, respectively, one minute and four minutes less screen time than the whole of Scott's expedition.

**ROMA BEAUMONT**, who is taking the title rôle in Val Parnell's Christmas pantomime *Cinderella* at the Palladium, opening on Christmas Eve, was last seen in the West End playing opposite Ivor Novello in *Perchance to Dream*. She was born and educated in London and as a pupil of Italia Conti made her first stage appearance at the Holborn Empire in 1927 in *Where the Rainbow Ends*. She has done a good deal of touring and repertory work besides frequent appearances in London musicals and revues, and has been particularly associated with *The Dancing Years*, from its first production in March, 1939, onwards. In 1935 she was first seen on the screen, and has appeared in several films since. Her co-stars in *Cinderella* will include Tommy Trinder, Evelyn Laye and Zoë Gail









*The Big Three—Spanish Lady (Elisabeth Welch), Bengal Dancer (Max Adrian) and the Sales-lady (Diana Churchill) surrounded by their henchmen, acolytes and satellites. Behind can be discerned Ulla Söderbaum and Nigel Burke, Elizabeth Cooper and Sylvia Rye in "Jig Saw" and Charlotte Mitchell in "Fish and Chips." Below are Rose Hill as a Wagnerian heroine, Marjorie Dunkels in "The Stars Look Down," Angus Menzies in "Check to the King," and Daphne Oxenford as a beauty culture exponent.*

Anthony Cookman

[ Illustration  
by Tom Titt ]

## At The Theatre

### "Oranges and Lemons" (Lyric, Hammersmith)

THE signal merit of this revue (virtually a second edition of *Tuppence Coloured*) is that it gives the impression of having been worked over by a single mind and kneaded into an agreeable whole.

If there are no brilliancies, it has scarcely anything that can be called a "flop," though perhaps the dancing in general might be a great deal better. We are comfortably sure from beginning to end that, though some things may be duller than others, Mr. Laurier Lister is not going to insert something which he himself considers appalling merely because it is something which the public is supposed to consider essential to revue. We are given, for instance, none of those dreadful little sketches which end in an egregious joke and a sudden "black-out."

*Oranges and Lemons* was produced at a rather awkward moment. Another revue had just released a spate of protests at the growing parochialism of these entertainments, and if Mr. Lister had originally intended to get a little professional fun out of his colleagues of the stage or film studio he had to decide quickly whether to trim his sails

or to steer straight into the critical gust. There is some evidence that a quick decision was made. An effectively pungent lyric by Mr. Alan Melville, which for all its effectiveness, had the air of having been written at speed, aimed a smashing blow at "parish pumpery" and *Oranges and Lemons* was safely down on the side of the critics.

If something like this happened, we may the more admire a unity which had been preserved in spite of last minute difficulties.

MISS JOYCE GRENFELL had fallen out of the company in between editions, but she contributes several characteristic lyrics and monologues. In one of the monologues her successor, Miss Diana Churchill, triumphs on a note exceedingly rare in revue. She makes a serious appeal for sympathy with a tired school-teacher contending bravely and hopelessly with overcrowded classes. Miss Churchill is indeed consistently successful throughout the evening. Her Cockney sales-lady patronizing with ineffable gentility women less slim than herself, and the woman who is a loyal enough wife but cannot help remembering golden outings with the Yanks in the years of the grass-

widowhood—these are among the more memorable of her always pleasant contributions.

In Miss Marjorie Dunkels Mr. Lister has made something of a discovery. She has a most delicate sense of vocal mimicry, and her talent, though applied to other actresses, is never unkind. Miss Elisabeth Welch has fewer good songs than fell to her lot in the previous revue, but she is one of those singers with a natural warmth of personality which in the light theatre, at any rate, counts for more than the quality of the song. Miss Rose Hill is another singer who is vastly better than her songs.

MR. MAX ADRIAN is here, there and everywhere without once putting a foot wrong. He is especially pleasing as the comic singer who has been more or less squeezed to death by the rigid clasp of Gilbert and Sullivan conventions and as the Wilde hero who having lost his voice must make the epigrams tell as best he can. Miss Daphne Oxenford plays a useful part in a number of sketches and then surprises us by the adroitness with which she catches the Joyce Grenfell note in a monologue of her own composition.

**YVONNE ARNAUD**, latest addition to the Emmwood gallery, is now leading in the successful comedy *Traveller's Joy* at the Criterion, with which she has followed up her triumph in *Jane* last year. Born in Bordeaux of French parents and educated in Paris, she made a tour of Europe and the United States as a child prodigy of the piano, and has occasionally been able to make use of her musical talents in her acting performances. Her first stage appearance was made at the Adelphi in 1911, and she remains as she was then, an actress of unequalled verve and the keenest perception of the possibilities of a rôle. In private life she is the wife of Hugh McLellan and they live on his farm in Surrey, where she devotes much time to her knitting and to her numerous cats.









Two of the guests, Miss Vivian Hamilton and Mr. Bruce Hogg, waiting to join a party for supper



Mr. Guy Hart Duke and Miss Barbara Johnston-Jones watch the dancing from a convenient balcony



Miss Rose du Boulay and Capt. Desmond Vivian sitting out during a pause in the dancing



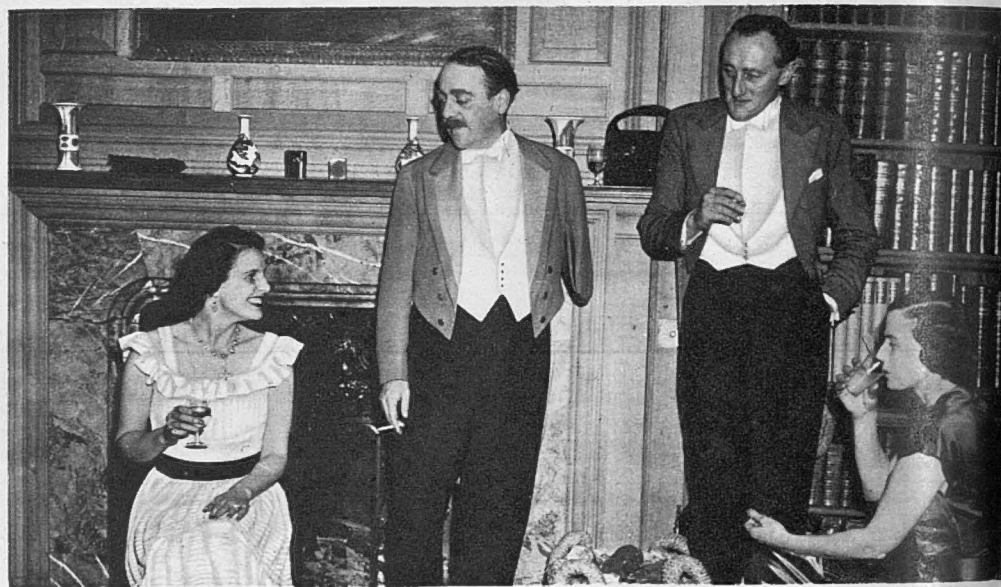
Miss Jennifer Luttman Johnson and Mr. Shirley Osmaston have a quiet drink on the stairs



One of the supper parties, consisting of Mr. Edwards, Mrs. George Pegg, Mrs. Barttelot, Miss Hawker, Mrs. Yate, Mr. Pegg and Cdr. Jim Barttelot

## THE COWDRAY HOLD THEIR

A Gay Sussex Event Takes Place Within



Mrs. Thomas Weldon, Viscount Cowdray, who lent Cowdray House for the ball, Mr. T. Weldon and the Hon. Mrs. Daly, daughter of Lord McGowan



Mr. Beaumont Raphael, Mrs. Kenneth Pierson, Mr. Kenneth Pierson, Mrs. Cedric Constance, Mr. Cedric Constance and Miss M. Morrow





*In a corner of the library. Sitting: Miss Lorine West, Miss Ann Tibbs and Miss Bunty Low. Standing: Mr. D. Poland, Mr. J. Poland and Mr. M. Tibbs*



*Major and Mrs. Michael Forbes were among the company who assembled for this very pleasant event*

## HUNT BALL AT MIDHURST

the Tudor Walls of Cowdray House



*Mrs. Hammick, Mr. C. Giles and Mr. and Mrs. John Carnegie gather round a log fire, before supper, to discuss the season's sport*



*Mrs. A. M. Langdale and Mr. Miles Reid absorbed in a discussion on a technical point of hunting*



*Enjoying a short rest on a handsome tapestry-backed sofa: Mr. and Mrs. Ricardo Pearce*



*Enjoying an interlude for refreshments and conversation - are Mrs. Richard Barlow, Major W. Heinemann, Mrs. W. Heinemann and Mr. Richard Barlow*



*Mr. and Mrs. Grout Smith, who also found the hearth an attractive spot between dances*





Fayer

*Lord and Lady Gillford, with the bridal attendants, after their wedding at St. George's, Hanover Square. The bride is the youngest daughter of the late Mr. A. T. Loyd and Mrs. Loyd, of Lockinge, Wantage, Berks., and the bridegroom is the only son of the Earl and Countess of Clanwilliam, of Montalto, Ballynahinch, Co. Down. The bridesmaids were: Virginia Lucas, Henrietta Knight, Jenny Lane Fox and Julia Lucas, and the pages Nigel Scott and Paddy Hughes Young. Major Guy Knight was best man*

*Jennifer writes*

## HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

**Court News:** The improvement in His Majesty's health which the doctors were able to record in their second bulletin was very good news, but the nature of the illness makes long-distance prophecy difficult, and all Royal plans have, therefore, remained rather fluid. All preparations for the removal of the Court to Sandringham well before Christmas went forward at the Queen's orders, pending the final decision of the doctors who were making a further thorough examination of the King a day or two before the planned date of departure.

The Queen has had a number of evening engagements, among them dinner in Hall with her fellow-Benchers of the Middle Temple, a function which has become a regular feature of her winter programme, and one which she enjoys greatly. Another of her engagements with a very different setting, but with a similar atmosphere of friendship and hospitality, was the evening reception at the Exhibition of Danish Art Treasures at the Victoria and Albert Museum, at which the Danish Ambassador and Countess Reventlow received 500 guests and entertained them with food and drink flown over from Denmark.

**THE QUEEN**, in a heavily-embroidered white crinoline dress and wearing a diamond tiara and ruby and diamond necklace, went to the Royal film performance of *Scott of the Antarctic*, in aid of the Cinematograph

Trade Benevolent Fund, at the Empire Theatre. Accompanied by Princess Margaret and the Duke of Edinburgh, she did not show a trace of the constant worry that must be hers since the King has been ill. She had a long chat with John Mills, who plays Scott in the picture, and also met several survivors of the original expedition, including Lord Mountevans, whom I saw sitting in the circle with Lady Mountevans, Surg.-Cdr. Murray Levick, P.O. Patrick Keohane, Professor Debenham and Mr. Hooper. Her Majesty received a magnificent bouquet of orchids from little fair-haired Bobby Henrey, one of the youngest of our film-stars, who had come over from his parents' home in France especially for this performance, and Princess Margaret received a bouquet from Phyllis Calvert's little daughter Auriol.

**THE** film-stars who took part in the stage show, which was introduced by Sir Laurence Olivier, were afterwards presented to the Royal visitors. In my opinion Myrna Loy stood alone. Not only did she look really lovely in a pale pink net dress that was in no way exaggerated, but she was also completely unaffected and natural, and both on the stage and off displayed the same keen sense of fun she has shown us so often in the *Thin Man* series. Vivien Leigh, too, got a big ovation on making her first public appearance since her return from Australia.

In the audience I saw Helen, Duchess of Northumberland, who was president of the social committee; the Countess of Birkenhead, the chairman; Lady Bennett, Mr. Arthur and the Hon. Mrs. Rank, Mrs. Warren Pearl and her three children, Stuart, Susan, and Audrey, the last-named with her husband, the Hon. Hugh

Lawson-Johnston; Mr. Reginald Bromhead, and the Hon. Mrs. Denys Lowson, one of the vice-chairmen, who was accompanied by her husband.

**I**N spite of fog and cold, many parents turned up at Eton for the St. Andrew's Day celebrations, and even at the early hour of 10.15 there were quite a number of spectators to watch the final of the Lower Boys' House Football cup, won by Roe's, who beat Wyke's by one forced rouge to nothing. One could see very little of the game, and visibility was so bad that the sound of the ball being kicked was often the only intimation of the whereabouts of the players.

Many spartan parents with their sons again ventured forth at midday to watch the Wall Game, which ended in a draw, neither side scoring. Here I saw the Countess of Mansfield with her son Viscount Stormont, Mrs. T. K. Bower, in red; with her tall son Tommy, Mrs. P. St. Killery watching her son, who was playing "behind" for the Oppidans, Mrs. Tom Berington with her son Timmy, who spent his last holidays in the United States with his parents, and Miss Rosalind Paget, escorted by Mr. Edward Naylor, who is in Mr. Babington Smith's house. Mr. and Mrs. John Christie were hurrying along with their son, who is in his first year at Eton and had been playing in the Lower Boys' house final.

When I left this very chilly spectacle and walked back to one of the houses I met the Duke and Duchess of Grafton with their youngest son, Lord Michael FitzRoy. The Duchess, who was looking very fit, was wrapped in a sensible fur-lined leather coat and wore serviceable Newmarket boots; she told me she has just



returned from a trip to Australia, while her husband has been out in South Africa. A little farther on I met the Countess of Bessborough with her younger son, the Hon. George Ponsonby. Lt.-Col. and the Hon. Mrs. Macdonald Buchanan were walking round with their son Alexander and their married daughter, Mrs. Humphries. Mrs. Ronnie Johnston, who had motored over from Worpleston, where she and her husband have recently moved into a new house, was with her son Euan taking tins of "tuck" up to his room.

I LUNCED at the Café de Paris at Bray, always a popular rendezvous for parents with sons at Eton, and here, enjoying a brief respite in the warm, I found Major and Mrs. Kirkpatrick with her Etonian son, Sir Nicholas Nuttall, the Marquess of Camden and the Countess of Brecknock with their son the Earl of Brecknock, Col. and Mrs. Harry Scott with their son, and Major and Mrs. Peter Wiggin lunching at a nearby table with their son.

Also there were Mr. and Mrs. Roddy Keith with her son, Patrick Barbour, and a party of friends, and Major and Mrs. Douglas Forster with their boy Timothy, lunching with Mrs. Margaret Dunne, Mr. Philip Dunne, their Etonian son, and their pretty daughter Philippa, who came out last summer.

After lunch there was the usual Field game between two old Etonian Oxford and Cambridge elevens. It was interesting here to see two brothers in opposing teams; these were Lord Dickinson, who played for the victorious Oxford eleven, and his younger brother, Peter, who played for Cambridge.

NEARLY 300 guests went to the Vine Hunt Ball, which was held this year at Ashe Park, near Basingstoke. This lovely house made a delightful setting for the ball, pictures of which will be found on page 345, and the many pink coats made a picturesque contrast with the fine panelling of the hall and library, which were both used for dancing. Scarlet and white chrysanthemums were massed in the hall and red berries entwined the chandeliers. Everywhere in the house the flowers were beautiful—they had been arranged by two members of the ball committee, Mrs. Peter Wiggin, whom I met at the ball looking most attractive in a full-skirted brocade dress, and Mrs. Wilson.

Many people at the ball had been hunting, but I heard they had a disappointing day, as scent was bad. Hounds met at Baughurst, and before they moved off were cordially entertained by Mr. Leo West, who had announced his engagement that morning to Miss J. A. Boucher, who lives near Andover and has been Master of the Courtney Tracy Otterhounds since 1939. He brought his fiancée to the ball. Unfortunately the acting Master of the Vine, Lt.-Col. Roddy Palmer, who hunts hounds himself, was unable to get to the ball owing to the fog. But among those who had managed to make the journey in spite of the hazardous weather were the Earl and Countess of Portsmouth, who had come over from Farley Wallop, Lady Portsmouth wearing a lovely crinoline dress, and Major and Mrs. Cave Humfrey, who brought their son Charles and a party from Wolverton. Major Cave Humfrey is hon. secretary of the Vine, and his wife was the very efficient secretary of the ball. Capt. Bobby Petre brought his very pretty wife over from Tunworth and was among those I saw dancing.

LADY SUDELY was dancing with Major Peter Wiggin, who was in the 11th Hussars; he told me he has left the Army and now lives in Hampshire, where he and his wife are running a bloodstock farm. Colonel and Mrs. Lionel Gough brought their debutante daughter and a party from Monk Sherbourne, and Mr. and Mrs. Rollo O'Brien brought their two pretty daughters. Mrs. Jack Walford, who was master of this hunt from 1940-41, was at the ball with her husband, who is also a great hunting enthusiast. Mr. Robin Macalpine brought his attractive wife, who wore the most beautiful rubies and diamonds with her off-the-shoulder evening dress.

Among enthusiastic supporters of the hunt who came to the ball were Mr. and Mrs. Bourne, who brought their dinner party of eight, Mr. and Mrs. Pettit-Mills with a party from Brimpton, Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery and Mr. and Mrs. Lowry, who both go so well to hounds; he farms at Overton. Two other farming enthusiasts at the ball were Mr. Smith Rewse, with his wife, and Mr. Horton from Newfound, with Mrs. Horton, who helps her husband on his farm. This very successful ball went on until "Auld Lang Syne" and "God Save the King" were sung at 3 a.m., after which guests drank cups of delicious hot soup before making their homeward journey.

EVENING DRESS was once again prominent among the audience at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, for the opening of the ballet season. Everyone was excited to see *Don Juan*, a new ballet with music by Richard Strauss and choreography by Frederick Ashton. This proved a colourful and interesting ballet in which three star performers—Margot Fonteyn, Moira Shearer and Robert Helpmann—danced the leading rôles. H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, wearing a mink coat over her evening dress with long diamond ear-rings, was sitting in the stalls with Earl Haig. In the Royal box with Sir John and Lady Anderson I saw Mabel Countess of Airlie, a regal figure in a dress of ruby-red velvet and wearing a tiara; this was the only tiara I noticed in the theatre. Beside her sat the Marquess and Marchioness of Anglesey, who had only just returned from their honeymoon in Paris, and Mr. Cecil Beaton.

Viscount and Viscountess Rothémère were in a nearby box, while on the other side of the theatre Sir Kenneth and Lady Clark had the French Ambassador and Mme. Massigli and Loelia Duchess of Westminster as their guests.

Among others I saw that night sitting in the stalls were the Hon. Mrs. Roland Cubitt, Col. Durosoy, the French Military Attaché, Mr. and Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell, Mr. Anthony Gishford, Mr. and Mrs. Colin Lesslie, and her daughter, Mrs. Kennard, who had arrived from Kenya two days previously.

I HAVE news from Edinburgh of what promises to be an original and amusing evening. This is the Auld Alliance Dance, to be held at the Assembly Rooms, Edinburgh, on "Auld Handsel," Tuesday, January 4th. The proceeds of this dance are to be given to the Scottish Association of Girls' Clubs, of which her Grace the Duchess of Buccleuch is chairman. When the Duchess undertakes to run anything, she always ensures that it is a success, and from what I hear the ball on "Auld Handsel" will be no exception. She has not only arranged for a good dance band to alternate with the pipes and drums of the Edinburgh City Police, who will play for reels, but she has also had the brilliant idea of a romantic interlude—the Queen's Marys at the French Court.

This romantic episode will take the form of a pavane, which will be danced at midnight by Mary Queen of Scots, her four Marys and courtiers of the French Court—in fact, a glimpse into the sixteenth century. Lady Caroline Scott will take the part of Mary Queen of Scots, who, incidentally, was one of her ancestors, and the Hon. Colin Tennant will be the Dauphin. The other parts are not definitely allocated, but I hear that among those taking part will be the Hon. Margaret Elphinstone, the Hon. Sarah Spencer, the Countess of Erroll and her husband, Mr. Iain Moncreiffe, Miss Fiona Christison, Miss Fiona Coats, Sir David Moncreiffe, Miss Susan Sale, Mr. Christian Carnegie of Lour, and Mr. Colin Brown Lindsay.

The Duchess of Buccleuch is personally supervising the dresses and costumes, and is taking the greatest care to see that they are correct. In some cases originals of the period are being used. Tickets for this ball are only 30s., and can be obtained from 133a, George Street, Edinburgh.

Another ball also to be held at the Assembly Rooms, Edinburgh, is the one in aid of the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association (East Scottish Branch) on December 30th.



Viscount and Viscountess Dillon at Claridges, where the reception was held after Lord and Lady Gifford's wedding



The Marchioness of Cambridge with her daughter, Lady Mary Cambridge, were also among the guests



Lord Herschell, who is the third baron, and Lady Herschell at the reception. They were married last June



Miss P. Henderson, Miss A. Gibbs and Lady Elizabeth Fitzmaurice, who is a cousin of the Marquess of Lansdowne





One of the hosts with three guests: Miss Elizabeth Handley, Lt.-Cdr. S. R. Perrin, F/Lt. J. E. Jerwood, President of the Messing Committee, and Miss Joy Handley



F/Lt. D. E. C. Foster tells an amusing story to Mrs. Murray, Mr. Norman Monk and Mr. Kenneth Murray. The party was held in the Officers' Mess at Finsbury Barracks, City Road

## 600 (CITY OF LONDON) FIGHTER SQUADRON GIVE A PARTY



Mrs. and Mr. W. F. Lutyens talking to Major J. S. Gratton, of the Royal Hampshire Regiment



S/Ldr. David Proudlove, Commander of this famous Auxiliary R.A.F. Squadron, and his wife inspect some of the Squadron trophies



W/Cdr. H. K. Adams, the Hon. Mrs. I. G. L. Lindsay, eldest sister of Lord Loch, and W/Cdr. T. D. Craven



F/Lt. and Mrs. Bryce Curtis were among the large company at the party



F/Lt. Timothy Clutterbuck and Miss Elizabeth Cherry chatting together



F/Lt. P. L. Lovegrove and Miss Monica Hasellwood, two more at this pleasant reunion



F/Lt. J. D. Meadows, 2 i/c of the Squadron, which is based at Biggin Hill, with his wife



W/Cdr. W. H. Wetton and Mrs. Wetton, whom he married recently, were with Mr. Ben Bowering



Mrs. Donovan Jackson, Lady Bowyer Smith, Commander of the A.T.S. for the City of London, Col. Donovan Jackson and Lt.-Cdr. S. R. Perrin, R.N.V.R.



W/Cdr. and Mrs. Richard Milne practise the fine art of "sinking a pint"

Tasker, Press Illustrations





*Some of the 300 guests dancing in the library during this very successful ball, held at Ashe Park by permission of the trustees. In the left foreground Capt. Bobby Petre is seen dancing with Mrs. Robin MacAlpine*

## THE VINE HUNT BALL AT ASHE PARK, NEAR BASINGSTOKE



*Miss Heather Bastard and Mr. John Needham have an interesting discussion while sitting out*



*Miss F. Erskine and Capt. J. R. Radcliffe take the floor for a quick-step*



*Mr. and Mrs. J. Lory exchanging notes with Col. and Mrs. L. Goff during a pause in the dancing*



*Taking refreshment at the buffet: Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Montgomery, two keen hunt supporters*



*Mrs. Peter Wiggin, who helps her husband run a bloodstock farm, and Major N. H. Villiers*



*Mr. C. M. Oxley, Miss Angela Norton, Mr. R. Colville and Miss Margaret Beatty*



Mr. Clyde-Hewlett, wearing his ribbon of office as chairman of the C.U. Conservative Association, with Miss Millicent Taylor

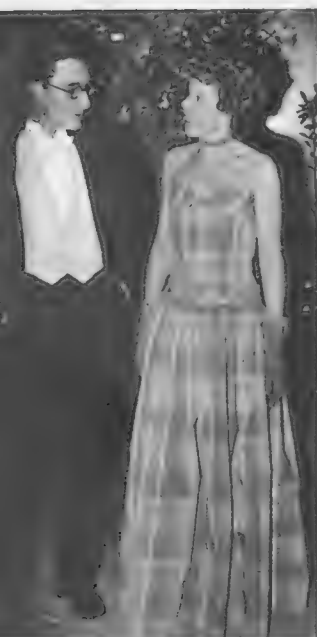


Miss Felicity Jameson with Mr. John R. Morse, who is the junior treasurer of the Association, which organised the ball



Miss Ann Bennett, Mr. J. L. Taylor, Miss Susan Kilner and Mr. J. E. C. Coey on their way to supper

## University Conservatives' Ball at Cambridge



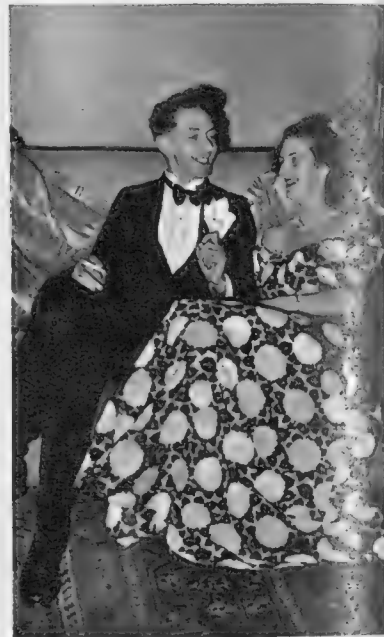
Mr. J. R. Sparey chatting with Miss. Aurrie Porter before they joined a party



Mr. Roy Chatterji, of Caius College, and Miss Judith Dirac, sitting out, find a mutually amusing topic



Mr. Richard Hawkins buys a raffle ticket from his sister, Miss Delphine Hawkins, the ladies' secretary



Mr. E. M. Eagle and Miss Dorothy N. Scott relax in a quiet corner of the lounge



Dancing in the Dorothy Ballroom to the music of the University Band—the "Melody Makers"—stopped when the company assembled for the cabaret "Footlights," given by the University Theatrical Group. Mr. Simon Phipps, a member of the Group, is seen recounting in song an entertaining experience





**Binbrook, Lincolnshire, R.A.F. Station Officers' Mess** recently held a very successful dance at which many high-ranking officers of the Service were visitors. Seen enjoying a talk before supper are Mrs. Parselle, wife of G/Capt. Parselle, G/Capt. A. A. Adams, D.F.C., the Station Commander, Mrs. Guest, wife of Air Vice-Marshal C. E. N. Guest (A.O.C. No. 1 Group), Air Marshal A. B. Ellwood (Chief of Bomber Command), and Mrs. Adams

## Priseilla

## in Paris

### The Count Would Have Approved

THE Paris midinettes have fêted their patron saint, St. Catherine, with music, dancing, laughter and the gayest of little bonnets. If a lass reaches the ripe age of twenty-five in this country, tradition demands that she should consider herself an old maid and "*coiffer la Sainte Catherine*"! This somewhat pessimistic fiat has become the pleasant pretext to dress up, don St. Catherine's coiffure, and have a good time. The *grands couturiers* throw merry parties for their employees, theatres send them seats, and the winter-grey streets are gladdened by the bands of happy girls wearing head-dresses as monstrous as those evolved by Rose Bertin for the greatly-maligned Marie Antoinette, or by Lewes for Mistinguett in her early days, when they are not as dainty, tiny and modish as the latest creation from Agnès or La Monnier.

It is probably as well that the Bal des Oiseaux took place the evening before, and all the lovely frocks ordered for that occasion had been finished and delivered. Otherwise many a *grande dame* might have waited for her dress in vain while her humbler sister put the finishing touches to her own attire.

The Bal des Oiseaux was held in the rose marble-columned mansion that was built by the Comte Boni de Castellane before he was, to quote from his own account of the matter, "divorced from the Gould millions in 1906." The Duchesse de Talleyrand, to whom it now belongs, kindly loaned it for this charitable occasion, and it is the first time in many years that such a gorgeous party has taken place within the walls that saw so many magnificent gatherings in the early days of this century.

I was on a schoolgirl visit to Paris when I saw the famous Boni de Castellane for the first time. He was pointed out to me one afternoon at Rumpelmeyer's as the *arbitrator elegantiarum* of Paris. He was very French, with his narrow, pointed button-boots, his top-hat aslant on his

crisply-curled fair hair, his stove-pipe collar and slim-waisted frock-coat. I was not impressed, but I remember the stir he made and how lovely ladies positively preened themselves as he stopped at their table and kissed their hand as he made his way to his own corner of the fashionable teasshop.

The other night the grand marble staircase and ballroom were adorned with thousands of birds, whose multi-coloured plumage glistened in the light of hundreds of rose-coloured candles—a decorative setting, due, of course, to "Bébé" Bérard—while the tablecloths and finger napkins in the supper-room were embroidered with flowers and birds and the tables softly illuminated by candle-light. *Tout Paris* was there, from the very blonde Lady Diana Cooper to the very dark Josephine Baker, who had a dozen good stories about her tour, with husband Jo Bouillon, in South America last summer.

I also saw the Duchesse de Brissac, Mme. Jacques Fath, the Vicomtesse de Contades and Mme. Schiaparelli, who had hung a tiny jewelled birdcage round her neck. Most of the guests wore ospreys or aigrettes in their hair, caps made of plumage or birds perched on their shoulders. Mme. Harriman looked charming in a coiffure of humming-birds, while the Comtesse de Noailles carried a bird on her wrist. It was really a lovely party, and the proceeds, which went to the Red Cross, were in the form of a very comfortable cheque. All the same, what I want to know is: How do we do it?

THEATRE-LOVING and French-understanding visitors to Paris have another enjoyable evening's entertainment before them—the new Yvonne Printemps-Pierre Fresnay production at the Théâtre de la Michodière. Merely as a theatre I prosaically find the Michodière delightful, and this because there is plenty of parking-room in the wide, nearby Rue du 4 Septembre. So many Paris theatres are surrounded by narrow streets, in which the arrival

and departure of an owner-driver is an almost inextricable adventure. I once had to park so far from the Madeleine on a rainy night that it was necessary to jump into a taxi in order to drive back to the theatre.

THE Printemps-Fresnay production consists of two plays: *Les Œufs de l'Autruche*, by André Roussin, and *Du Côté de Chez Proust*, by Curzio Malaparte. The "Ostrich's Eggs" might be called a very up-to-date *Life With Father*. Father is the Ostrich, a blustering domestic tyrant who tries to hide his head when faced with any unpleasantness. The "eggs" are his two sons, who provide many an unpleasant moment for the poor man. The elder, from childhood upwards, has always preferred dressing dolls to playing with soldiers, while the younger, to whom he refuses adequate pocket-money, allows himself to be subsidised (and considers the situation perfectly normal) by a charming young gold-digger who gets her own income from an elderly admirer. An unmoral but entertaining playlet, so brilliantly acted by Pierre Fresnay and with so light a touch that the almost tragic theme is glossed over and it becomes a gay comedy.

*Du Côté de Chez Proust* may annoy Proustian fans, but it gives us the all-too-rare joy of hearing Yvonne Printemps' exquisite voice. What more can one desire?

## Voilà!

● André Rivollet tells a good story of one of his friends who never pays his tailor and yet invariably beats down the man's prices! "Why bother to haggle?" asks André. "So that the poor man doesn't lose so much!" answers his friend.



Miss Anne Gooch, Lady Gooch, Sir Robert Gooch, Bt., former commander of the Household Cavalry, and Mr. Timothy Gooch walking to the wall



Watching the game: Mr. R. C. Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. S. Calvert, Mr. M. J. Calvert and Miss Ann Calvert



Lemons at half-time—much needed, since the rigours of the Wall Game have already taken heavy toll of both energy and equipment





Miss Sarah Killery and Mrs. V. St. J. Killery with a mud-bespattered Oppidan, Mr. Patrick Killery



Miss Pamela Fitzgerald, Mr. Michael de Stempel and Mr. Mervyn Heald waiting for the game to start



Mr. Conway Ellison, Mrs. Ellison, Lt.-Col. P. J. M. Ellison and Mrs. L. Trenholme were also keen spectators of the hour's play

## ETONIANS PLAYED THEIR WALL GAME IN A FOG

But the New Element Had no Noticeable Effect on the Famous St. Andrew's Day Struggle



Mr. Mark Jeffreys with his mother, Lady Rosemary Jeffreys, who is the youngest sister of the Earl of Normanton



Mr. Nicholas Shene-Clarke escorts his mother, Alison Leggatt, the stage and film actress



Mrs. M. A. Dunne with her son, Mr. T. R. Dunne, and daughter, Miss Philippa Dunne



Mr. I. R. Lomax and Miss Pamela Smith chat to Mr. D. G. Randall and Mr. A. Phillips



The Hon. J. W. Remnant (centre) leaves the field with Mr. K. Hillard, both bearing eloquent witness to the heat of the conflict



A Rugger scrum, save that this one takes minutes to move inches



The ball goes in: the "walls" and "seconds" push . . . and push . . .



... and there the ball stays. The last goal was scored in 1909



That celebrated academy, the Glasgow High School, has in London a Club consisting of former pupils. The Club recently held a jubilee dinner, and the chairman, Mr. Howard F. Bowser, is seen preparing to toast the musician who "piped in the haggis." On the chairman's right are Lord Vansittart, the guest of honour, and Sir Andrew Duncan; on his left the Rector of the High School, Mr. John Taiman, M.A.



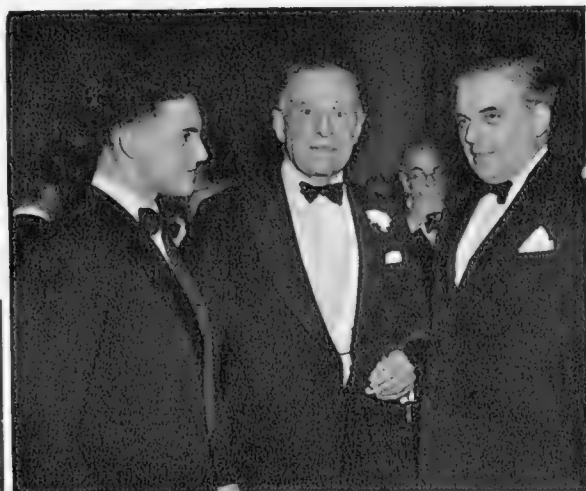
Sir W. W. Wakefield, M.P., Sir Alan Herbert, M.P., and Sir Louis Greig were three of the guests

## Scotsmen in London. Celebrate a Jubilee at Claridges



Sir Andrew Duncan with the Rector and Mr. W. A. McWhirter, the newspaper director

Sir John Weir, Physician-in-Ordinary to the King, talking to Mr. W. Craig Henderson, K.C.



The school captain, J. Simi, with Lord Vansittart and Mr. Robert Boothby, who is the M.P. for East Aberdeenshire



Mr. W. R. T. Rodger talking to the chairman before dinner at this very successful function





... Harrowing scene at the Royal Academy

## D. B. Wyndham Lewis

## Standing By ...

IF the Royal Academy decides in conclave this month, as threatened, to give a fashionable R.A. the air for failing to exhibit at seven consecutive Academies (Rule of 1768), true art-lovers will regret once more that the official blue Academy uniform with crested silver buttons mooted by Reynolds and Farington never came to anything.

For then, instead of mumbling and shrugging and passing resolutions, the Academy boys could parade at full strength—52 R.A.s, 30 A.R.A.s—in the great courtyard of Burlington House, wearing dress-uniform and cocked hats, with mahlsticks and palette-knives. A hollow square would be formed, with the doomed R.A., bare-headed, in the centre. After the silver buttons had been stripped off him by the Treasurer, his palette-knife torn from its belt by the Registrar, and his mahlstick snapped over the President's knee, the drums would roll and the Secretary would put his boot through *Highland Cattle in the Snow*, or *Carbis Bay, Sunset*, or whatever typical canvas was paraded for that purpose. The ex-R.A. would then be thrust into Piccadilly and the great iron gates would shut with a clang.

## Afterthought

DURING the first part of the ceremony, we forgot to add, a white-robed virginal choir of Academy models would sing the official Ode of Exile, composed in 1769:

O, what can Raphael's brush bestow,  
Or Rubens' grace, or Titian's glow,  
To recompense the anguish'd mind  
For British Virtue left behind?

This censures a habit of expelled R.A.s of popping in and out of foreign art-galleries and sending unsuitable postcards to the backroom boys at Burlington House.

## Giftie

A PRE-CHRISTMAS luxury-ad. yelling "Give the Gift Appropriate!" seemed to be luring the citizenry into troublous waters, since in 75 per cent. of cases the Gift Appropriate must inevitably lead to the Row Ghastly. Classic instance, if we may (with apologies) remind you:

All teeth and claws; behold this little jaguar,  
A fit companion for the kind of haguvar.

Another dangerous Gift Appropriate; if you remember that satiric jape of Goya's featuring two charmers and Father Time and entitled *Las Viejas*, is a mirror. We guess the poet Prior got into severe trouble over this kind of gift, judging by the despair of his sweetie-pie:

Venus, take my votive Glass;  
Since I am not what I was,  
What from this Day I shall be,  
Venus, let me never see.

Perhaps the only sensible solution of this annual problem is that of the poet Burns:

Bonnie Mary of Argyll  
Harped on gifties quite a while;  
"Rab!" she cried, "ye'll mind the day——"  
Burns said: "Aw, go clomb a brae."

Exit B.M., yammering. Net gain to R. Burns, eighteen-pence.

## Revolt

MASSIVE Queen Boadicea (Boudicca), for ever intimidating the Race from her bronze chariot on the corner of Westminster Bridge, has taken a rap from Auntie Times, who so strikingly resembles her. Quoting Lord Edward Gleichen, Auntie has pointed out that as Boadicea's ramping horses have no reins and practically no harness, the big girl is in absurd peril.

Our own theory is that the sculptor, a Mr. Thornycroft, placed Boadicea in the soup deliberately, as a gesture of defiance to all the big frowning overbearing females with which mid-Victorian England was chockablock, from Auntie Times and Mrs. Humphry Ward down to Mimsie ("Women's Rights") Thornycroft, an infant menace still in frilly pantalettes. In a word, the Boadicea group is probably what the psycho-boys call a "sublimation," and when puzzled members of the Coaching Club spoke to Mr. Thornycroft we guess he had his answer ready.

"Those gees—simply runnin' away with her! Look at that offside leader! Why isn't she dandlin' the ribbons?"

"She's drunk."

"Gad, not a bad idea, but they'll be breakin' her bally neck!"

"I want her to break her bally neck."

Mrs. Humphry Ward's comments were doubtless scathing, such as "One cannot but advert severely on the licentious excogitations of graceless Bohemians," etc., etc. A long and eloquent postcard from Mr. Gladstone probably clinched the matter with the word "Lousy."

## Festa

A HIGHBROW alleging the other day that Maupassant's Normandy has gone the same way as Hardy's Dorset was far from accurate, as we can confirm from recent observation.

For example, the inn at Tôtes, near Dieppe, where the supper-party takes place in *Boule de Suif*, is exactly as it was—the huge beamed Norman kitchen, the array of shining pots and pans and china, the open fireplace—except for the bill. Nor have Norman village wedding-celebrations altered much, except for the absence of the fiddler at the head of the procession and the man throwing sugarplums. A rustic *noce* now shimmies to American jazz supplied by Radio-Paris. The bridegroom and his principal backers wear a dinner-jacket apiece. The funny man still changes hats with the ladies, but it is a bowler instead of a topper. And, as before,

the Norman agriculturist on a wedding-spree still blasphemes over the price of cider, though he may be rich enough to buy the village.

## Blast

COVENT GARDEN OPERA HOUSE being one of the very few remaining London theatres resembling a theatre and not a Bloomsbury clinic, that failure of the crimson velvet stage-curtains which let the management down the other night for the first time in nearly 50 years seems a matter of more than casual interest to the last friends of Civilisation.

No ordinary curtains could stand up for half that time to an almost-continual assault from the most formidable operatic larynxes in Europe, including those embedded in the ample torsi of the De Reskes, Caruso, and Melba, not to mention the stoutest and loudest song-birds from Germany. Experts in acoustics could probably estimate the terrific total blast-power these curtains withstood. Behind all the rich lavish plumminess of Covent Garden's plush-and-gilt there is, in fact, a capacity for resistance equalled only by that of R-y-lty itself glooming from the Royal Box on a gala-night in the 1900's.

One needn't underline the obvious. Edwardian craftsmen could turn out things which were solid, handsome, and imposing, and we honestly think sometimes this may almost be said to include, you, you big wonderfals.

## BRIGGS—by Graham



"On the other hand, of course, there may be some perfectly simple explanation . . ."



John Warner

*The M.C.C. Touring Team in South Africa, led by their captain, F. G. Mann, taking the field during their match with the Country Districts at Robertson, Cape Province. This match, the second of the tour, played on a ground lying at the foot of the beautiful Langeberg Mountains, was won by the M.C.C. by an innings and 100 runs. After the game the teams were entertained at a "braaivleis," or open-air party, by Mr. Adolph Jonker at his wine farm near Bonnievale*

## R. C. Robertson-Glasgow

# Scoreboard



ONCE to every man and nation comes the moment to decide, and I am able to reveal to a pie-faced public that Reggie Loveduck, the Streatham compressed-air-ace, has signed professional Blow-Football Forms. He will play at inside-right, as he is a South-East-to-North-West blower.

"Do not imagine," he told me, on top of an all-night tram, "that I came to this decision without severe heartburnings. It means leaving a fifteen-pound-a-week job with six weeks' holiday on pay, long week-ends, and strike when you feel like it. But the Directors have been kindness itself, and the Council has found my wife and I a house with a view."

"And what," I asked, offering him one of those self-starting cigars with which every wise Editor provides his employees, "what team are you going to play for?" "That," he replied, eyeing the cigar with evident repulsion, "is Sport Secret Number One." "And Sport Secret Number Two?" I queried. "Sport Secret Number Two," he answered, "is why the hell you can't shut your trap and go home."

ON Saturday the second England Rugby Trial will be played at Camborne, Cornwall, and candidates from Oxford and Cambridge will be available. The first Trial, at Northampton, provided the best Rugby seen in such a game for years, and the critics had to re-write their familiar exordium: "The selectors can have learnt little from . . ." What we did learn was that England is uncommonly rich in

threequarters. In the centre, both L. Oakley, of Bedford, and R. D. Kennedy, of the Camborne School of Mines, looked the real thing. On the wings, T. Danby, Harlequins, and G. Rowland, London Hospital, surprised many with their skill. J. A. Gregory, Blackheath, the most brilliant of them all, had a less happy afternoon, but his hour will surely come. He is the fastest of the lot.

At stand-off half, N. M. Hall, Huddersfield, showed all his familiar skill in kicking, and increased cleverness in attack. His scrum-half, R. W. Mason, Headingley, is still in his teens. But he is unusually large and strong. If he can rid himself of a slight hesitation in passing out he may well play for England.

MANY happy returns to John Berry Hobbs, cricketer, who will be sixty-six on Thursday. Each to his own opinion, but, for me, Jack Hobbs remains the greatest batsman of them all. Against the best bowling on the worst wickets, he had no equal. South African spinners on matting, Australians fast and slow, English every-sort, they all in turn were conquered by Hobbs.

He had no weakness. Of Don Bradman, you would hear them say, "Ah, if only we can have Hedley Verity at him on a sticky one." No one spoke like that of Hobbs. He is rarely mentioned as a bowler; but he had a fine free action, and could make them swerve away late at a brisk medium pace. I was bowled by him once in a so-called Charity

match. But, like Tom Hayward, who brought him up to the Oval from Cambridge, Jack Hobbs soon found that bowling was best done by those who felt like it.

I fear Jack never rated my batting very high. In the mid-years of the war he sold me a lovely bat, when bats were very scarce. "I don't know that I ought to let you have this one," he said, and rubbed his finger up and down the edges with a mournful air.

CHRISTMAS stories. A friend of mine used to delight to tell of the man who won a turkey as first prize in the Club Billiards Handicap. It had been a wonderful finish. The winner, when needing seven for victory, cannoned, potted his opponent, then went in off the red with a kiss. Surprise, and the congratulations of his companions, kept him a long time in the bar.

Very late, he set out, with the bird and a fellow-traveller. At first he enlarged on the excellence of turkeys in general, then on the supremacy of this turkey in particular. Then, as he walked over Waterloo Bridge, he suddenly grew weary of the bird and, remarking, "Do they take me for a — porter?" he flung it into the dark Thames beneath. A little later, looking down at his hand, he noted it was empty. Sighing deeply, he turned to his friend and said, "Just my luck; having a chap finish a game with a fluke seven like that; now if only I had made that seven, I'd have won a turkey. How pleased my wife would have been."



## Sabretache

# Pictures in the Fire



"A very high-class horse"

**I**N the highways and the by-ways; in the clubs and in the pubs; on the racecourses and off the racecourses; by the fireside and in the fog, wherever two or three are gathered together, the same thing is heard and sensed: "It is not because he is the King, but because he is our comrade, who has stuck it through the good and through the bad, game as a pebble, never flinching, never failing. God Save the King!"

**T**O continue the steeplechasing diary which has been initiated in these notes in the hope that it may help some people to keep in touch, nothing much has happened with a bearing on next year's Grand National since "our last"; at least, so far as any of us can know until we get the entries and acceptances.

Lord Mildmay rode a winner on his own horse, Arrius, in a two-miler, the Old Trafford 'Chase at Manchester. The information is purely negative, since he has two others eligible for the great 'chase, Cromwell and Lecale Prince, and so I should think it is quite improbable that this one will be entered. Apparently Arrius has a grand turn of foot and jumps well, but he had nothing behind him to tell us the time of day.

The same cannot be said, however, about Tommy Traddles' win in the three-mile Charlton Handicap 'Chase at Cheltenham, on November 20th, since he fairly and squarely ran Lord Bicester's Roimond out of it, getting, however, 2 st. 3 lb., which knocks a bit of the gilt off the gingerbread. Roimond had 11st. 7lb. in this year's National, and was knocked down at the Canal Turn first time round. He started third favourite, and is a very high-class horse. He will be eight years old on January 1st. Shortly before the National he ran third at Lingfield (three miles) to Cromwell and Rowland Roy, giving the winner a stone.

Fog was very unkind to Birmingham, and the only note really necessary concerns Lord Bicester's young Irish horse, Finnure, seven years, who was much fancied for the two-mile Aston Handicap 'Chase, but misdated one of them and came it. Anything could be forgiven any horse in such murk; and also he is a bit

shy of practice over the English type of obstacles. I have known Irish horses try to kick back at them, same as they do at their own banks, until they get the hang of things—he quickly did better at Kempton the next time out.

Sports Master, who won the Manchester November Handicap, was ridden by little Derek Greening, who, I should say, is hardly out of his teens, and stands 6 st. 9 lb., and almost simultaneously arrived the news from Australia that Ray Neville, who rode Rimfire, the 66-1 winner of the Melbourne Cup (2 miles), on November 2nd, was one day off being sixteen. Cases of "youth will be served" with a vengeance! It was only Neville's ninth ride with only one previous winner.

Rimfire was in a good position at the turn, and eventually won by a head. Howe, the 7-4 favourite, finished fifth, well beaten, and the huge crowd, so says my Melbourne paper, was dumbfounded, for he was rated a racing certainty. Rimfire's time, 3 mins. 21 secs., smashed the Melbourne Cup record of 3 mins. 21½ secs. held jointly by Wotan and Russia.

**P**ROFESSOR MICHAEL LEWIS, M.A., F.R.Hist.S., who is Professor of History at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, has produced a quite outstanding work in *The Navy of Britain: A Historical Portrait* (George Allen and Unwin Ltd.; 30s.), and it is not putting things too high to claim that nothing quite so adequate, and at the same time engrossing in its interest, has before been achieved. Professor Lewis has selected an enormous canvas, but the mind that chose the colours and the hand that wielded the brush are those of a master craftsman. This is an obvious truism *vis-à-vis* the status of the author, and of his many previous books, such as *England's Sea Officers, Afloat and Ashore, British Ships and British Seamen, Armada Guns and Ships and Seamen of Britain*, not all of which I have had the happiness to read.

There is not one square inch of this canvas that is wasted, and though primarily it will be of more absorbing appeal to the past and present members of the Senior Service, I will "lay it to it" that few landmen will be able to put it down

until they have read it from cover to cover, even though occasionally they may find themselves in shoal water. It is, in effect, a series of lectures delivered by a most erudite teacher. It is much more than a history of the British Navy, though it takes the salient features of that epic story in its stride; it gives us so much that even the most studious may have missed.

**I**F, for instance, you or I were asked: "Who was Francis Drake?" we should probably answer: "The great Elizabethan Admiral who hit the Armada for six!" We should only be half-right, and to find out why, read Professor Lewis upon the subject of our sea-fighters who were units of two forces, the R.N.R. and the R.N.V.R., far senior to the R.N., which only came into corporate being with Samuel Pepys.

Here is a passage (page 217) which, in a small measure, gives a clue to the whole scheme of the book:

The reason which enabled Grenville to rise so comparatively high as a sea commander is much the same as that which so enabled Drake—the absence in his day of truly professional competition. He, too, was not in friendly rivalry as he would be to-day with the Jellicoes and Cunninghams of this century. Yet as Drake was to the R.N.R.s, so was Grenville to the R.N.V.R.s—a distinguished example but not a prototype.

In his foreword, Professor Lewis very shrewdly remarks that a writer of a naval history should work, on the whole, from the General to the Particular, but that one who aspires to write a History of the Navy should begin with the Navy and start with the Particular. This is exactly what the author has done.

I cannot forbear from quoting the last few lines of this book, capping the historical detail:

They are deathless stories, all of them; all inexhaustible fountains of inspiration, but they are much more than that. They are the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual quality—that morale which is, throughout its long story, both the mainspring of our Navy's strength and the prime cause of its success.



Readers Who Served in Cyrenaica with the British Forces during the war will be interested in this picture of the revived Barce Hunt, which was first started in 1936. Barce, which was three times won and lost during the Libyan campaign, is now a largely rebuilt and flourishing township, where a number of British troops are still stationed. The M.F.H., Major Sir Delaval Cotter, Bt., D.S.O., and the Whip, Major M. W. H. Bell, the 13/18th Hussars, are seen with the pack going to a meet



Devonshire T. A. Officers recently held a ball at the Rougemont Hotel, Exeter, attended by 300 guests. Above are Brig. V. F. S. Hawkins, Major-Gen. G. W. Symes, commanding South-West District, Lt.-Gen. Sir Edmond Schreiber, Col. Commandant, R.A., Major-Gen. Evans and Major-Gen. W. G. Michelmores, a former A.D.C. to the King. Among the decorations of the ballroom were silver and drums brought from the Officers' Mess of the Devonshire Regiment Depot.

Elizabeth Bowen's

## Book Reviews

"A Passing World"

"Morning, Noon and Night in London"

"Devil Take the Blue Tail Fly"

Three Books for the Young

THE title of our dear Mrs. Belloc Lowndes' last book sounds melancholy, but its contents are not. *A Passing World* (Macmillan; 15s.) does, it is true, cover the clouded period of World War I., but the effect left on the reader's mind is of equilibrium, good manners, pungency, humour, vim. That Mrs. Belloc Lowndes was the ideal *raconteuse* and rememberer was made known to us by her three foregoing books in this vein—*I, Too, Have Lived in Arcadia*, *Where Love and Friendship Dwelt* and *The Merry Wives of Westminster*. Those three are classics; and *A Passing World* should take its place beside them.

How many friends must miss Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. Even for an acquaintance, there is a sadness about writing a review she will not read (for, unlike some writers who affect a lordly ignorance of what the Press has said, she was a review reader). Few women can have been more passionately and disinterestedly interested in human nature; few can have better loved a story for its own sake, or been more deft and less unkind in passing the story on.

Those privileged to enjoy her company were never bored: she was a most happy example of mixed extraction—her father was French, her mother English—and in her own spontaneous, inconsequential way she probably did as much as anyone else to interpret France to England. It was in her accounts of her French childhood and young girlhood that everything most romantic, most tender in her nature appeared.

THE memoirs were a development of her later life, and to readers showed an unknown side of her. Up to the appearance of the first of them (*I, Too, Have Lived in Arcadia*), the authoress had been associated with brisk, cosy, highly enjoyable crime novels—a *genre* of her own, never overlapping the detective story. Mrs. Belloc Lowndes found crime deplorable, but exceedingly interesting as a phenomenon: all the characters in that series of novels—with the exception of the actual villains—are sympathetic types. Morbidity never brushed her pages. Indeed, I should not wonder if it were not her faculty for putting herself in someone else's place which gave particular grippingness to her stories.

She recounts, indeed, in *A Passing World*, how she fell out with Lord Curzon because she felt he was taking up an over-harsh attitude towards a lady at that time in the news. Miss X., otherwise blameless and leading a dull life, accepted the invitation of a handsome stranger, spent a week-end with him in a seaside

bungalow, then found herself in the lime-light—a gruesome crime took place during her stay. Mrs. Belloc Lowndes (who later embedded the incident in a story) concurred with Lord Curzon's view of the lady's morals, but none the less considered her most unfortunate: Lord Curzon held she was getting what she deserved.

"A PASSING WORLD" makes many claims for attention. The most interesting passages, I find, are the studies of the Asquiths and the Haldanes. Mr. Asquith was Prime Minister during the years covered by this book; Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, as a close friend of the family, was constantly at 10, Downing Street, and her pictures of (the then) Mr. and Mrs. Asquith, and of their daughter Elizabeth (later Princess Antoine Bibesco), are at once intimate and, one feels sure, true. What she tells us may serve—as she would have wished—to dispel those misleading legends which tend to gather round famous persons; whether during their lifetime or later on.

I have been struck [she says] all through my grown-up life by the false views of public men entertained even by those who knew them very well, and I have sometimes wondered, when reading the memoirs and letters of the Victorian era, whether the pictures drawn of the noted men of that day were as false as those drawn of the men with whom I happened to be acquainted in my day.

Her portrait of that noble man Lord Haldane is built up in a series of little touches, small incidents showing his character. Mrs. Belloc Lowndes felt, as did all Lord Haldane's friends, the injustice of the attack on him, during those early war years, on the score of pro-Germanism; and she blazes with indignation at the forms it took—hysterical women, recognising him in the street, used to turn and scream insults. She pictures, in very moving terms, the dignity with which Lord Haldane stood up to this—his sister, who suffered on his behalf, confided in Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. In one way, the Britain of World War I. was worse-behaved than the Britain of World War II.: there was ugly mob-feeling, a tendency to witch-hunt—such as the unforgivable white-feather campaign.

As against that, life seems to have maintained throughout those perilous years a wonderfully civilised form—small lunch parties, at which the food was simple but the conversation brilliant, figure in many pages of *A Passing World*. Eminent soldiers, diplomats, statesmen—the V.I.P.s, in fact, of World War I. (only, that vulgar expression had not crept in then)—

exchanged their views on the situation. Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, one understands, must have kept a diary.

THE friendly, distinguished little Westminster circle described in her previous book remained intact. One is, as before, struck by the extraordinary vitality of this authoress—always hard at work at one of her books, running her Barton Street household under wartime conditions, bringing up her children, standing up to Zeppelin raids, listening to friends' confidences, paying country house visits, and in London constantly lunching and dining out. Her husband, Frederick Lowndes, being on the staff of *The Times*, kept her close to the nerve-centre of what happened.

Mr. Churchill and the then Sir Edward Grey also frequently cross the pages of *A Passing World*. The Mr. Churchill of that day was, one gathers, disapproved of by some of his sober seniors because he wrote—a giddy habit, indeed! Of the Lady Glenconner, who was Mrs. Belloc Lowndes' contemporary, we have an at once affectionate and perceptive study—though "Margot," I think, remains the ruling feminine personality of the book. Self-portraiture was not this writer's aim—"Je suis toute française de cœur," seems to be one of the few revealing things she said of herself. Not least, she is fascinatingly revelatory on the subject of the German Royal family: she has views on Wilhelm II.'s attitude to England, and she took a particularly personal interest in the Kaiser's mother, Princess Frederick of Prussia—of whose biography, indeed, Mrs. Belloc Lowndes was the anonymous author.

SACHEVERELL SITWELL'S *Morning, Noon and Night in London* (Macmillan; 12s. 6d.) is an invitation to a stroll—a stroll around the London of the 1860's, from a bright blue August morning on into a deep blue August night. This is a world of crinolines, flower-small parasols, Dundreary whiskers and rakishly-worn top hats, in which gallant adventures are afoot.

This fantasy is bright with coloured pictures—work of Alfred Concanen, who designed covers for the music-hall songs of his day: this was, Mr. Sitwell reminds us, the music hall's golden age. The rediscovery of the forgotten artist by Mr. Sitwell is our gain: here is an enchanting Christmas picture book. Concanen, whose family came from the West of Ireland, fell in love with London; and did for London, as is to be seen here, very much what Constantin Guys did for Paris, though in his own way.



Each picture tells a story—"The Bond Street Beau," "Kleptomania" (which Mr. Sitwell, rightly, considers the most dramatic), "The Dark Girl Dress'd in Blue," "Off to Brighton" and "The Age of Paper." For sheer spanking hilarity, with a crazy touch, the masterpiece, decidedly, is "The Hansom Gallop"—a picture I long to cut out and frame. Certainly, the art of the music-cover has declined sadly—though, we learn, these Concanen *tours de force* bore little relation to the songs inside them. We are grateful to Mr. Sitwell for sharing with us this, his joyous discovery, and no less glad of his stylish commentary.

IN the good old days, people used to gather about the Christmas hearth and recount or read to each other bone-rattling tales. Shrieking skulls, etc., enhanced Yuletide cosiness, especially when accompanied by hot punch. Whether *Devil Take the Blue Tail Fly* is to be recommended as a modern variant, I am doubtful. This thoroughly morbid little New York tale is by J. F. Bardin; and Messrs. Gollancz (who publish it at 8s. 6d.) somewhat tentatively offer it as a detective story. Your reviewer had extreme difficulty in detecting what any one of the characters was supposed to be doing at any given minute, so tangled and torrid is Mr. Bardin's prose. We first meet our heroine in a mental home (where she would, poor lady, have done infinitely better to have remained), and we leave her analysing her own sensations while her husband is being devoured in a bear pit. A good deal of psycho-analysis comes in somewhere. Various other crises had to be disinterred—so perhaps this is a detective story? Read aloud you may find that it proves a riot—I fear, however, that the author expected a more serious approach.

FOR the young, I have pleasure in suggesting three Christmas books. *The Voyage of the Luna I.*, by David Craigie (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 6s.), decidedly tops the list. This is about two eleven-year-old children (twins) who muscle in on a project for moon-invasion, and succeed in getting themselves fired off in an experimental rocket supposed to contain only a cat and dog. Martin and Jane come of a family with the exploring tradition; both, till this grand idea came up, had been depressed by the fact that the whole earth is now discovered.

E. G. Wells and Jules Verne would both, I feel convinced, salute this story of Mr. Craigie's: myself, I sat up the greater part of a night reading it, then read it through again. In theory, it should be a book for children between ten and fourteen. It is *very* exciting: not for a long time have I found sheer imagination put to better use. The Dorothy Craigie illustrations are pleasing. Altogether, *The Voyage of the Luna I.* should, I feel, take its place as a children's classic.

Everybody will be glad to know that Messrs. Gollancz have republished *The Junior Week-End Book*. This compilation, for which J. R. Evans is again to be thanked, costs 7s. 6d., and contains songs, poems, games, adventure stories, hobbies and tricks. There is a map of England from a rare point of view; there are some gardening pages, notes on important cookery such as toffee-making, and a section entitled "Essential Information," relating to sport and other matters. Bird and animal notes, and "Things to Make," by no means conclude the contents-list of this excellent volume.

*The Bells of Leyden Sing*, by Catherine Cate Coblenz (Falcon Press; 8s. 6d.), is a children's novel set in the early seventeenth century. A Quaker family flee England, settle in Holland, make friends with the boy Rembrandt, and finally sail on the *Mayflower* to the New World. The style is a little stiff, but the story good.

A book about animals with an entirely fresh approach is *Very Wild Life* (Riddle Books; 6s.), in which James Riddell has brought the medieval bestiary most amusingly up-to-date. Drawings and text alike reach a high level of wit and fancy, and the book is highly recommended to all seeking—with premonitions of panic—a finishing touch to their gift list for Christmas.



Lady Welsh, D.B.E., Director of the W.A.A.F. from 1943-46, with H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester, who is Air Chief Commandant, and Air Commandant Hanbury, M.B.E., the present Director

## The Duchess of Gloucester at a W.A.A.F. Officers' Reunion



Miss J. L. E. Robinson, Miss N. C. Holland and Mrs. J. M. Percival were among the guests at the Hyde Park Hotel party



Miss P. Cragg, Miss E. C. Bather, O.B.E. (now Supt. of Women Police) and W/O. W. B. Thompson



S/O. A. Penfold, Miss F. M. Acton Pierce, Miss A. F. Holloway and Miss P. J. Davis discuss wartime experiences



Mrs. George Heath with Flt./O. D. Helmore and Miss V. S. Cooper



**Campbell — Campbell**

Mr. Ian James Campbell, son of Major and Mrs. Campbell, of Craignish, and his wife, formerly Miss Zandra Elizabeth Kniveton Campbell, daughter of Col. and Mrs. G. A. Campbell, of Woodhill, Tilford, Surrey, with the bridal attendants after the ceremony held at the Royal Garrison Church of All Saints, Aldershot



**Cleghorn — Hope**

The wedding took place at St. George's, Hanover Square, of Mr. Michael Fortune Cleghorn, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Cleghorn, of Hurstwood Lodge, Tunbridge Wells, Kent, and Miss Jocelyn Mary Hope, only daughter of Capt. L. Nugent Hope, and the late Mrs. Hilda Hope, of Whitney Court, Herefordshire

## THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



**Rayment — Turner**

Mr. David Rayment, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. K. Rayment, of Heath House, Woking, and Miss Nancy Jean Richards, daughter of Mrs. R. Turner, of Lingfield, White Lane, Woking, who were married at St. Mary's, Horsell



**Tabor — Kingsley**

Mr. Frederick Edwin Tabor, only son of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Tabor, of Bournemouth, was married to Miss Constance Kingsley, eldest daughter of the late Mr. F. T. Kingsley, and of Mrs. Kingsley, of London, at The Good Shepherd Cathedral, Singapore



**Aitken — Harper**

Mr. James Black Aitken, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Aitken, of Highfield, Linlithgow, whose wedding to Miss Margaret Harper, younger daughter of the late Mr. W. Harper, and of Mrs. Harper, of the Shelbourne Hotel, Edinburgh, took place at St. John the Evangelist, Edinburgh



**Luttrell — Williams**

Mr. J. H. Fownes Luttrell, son of the late Mr. Claude Luttrell and of Mrs. Luttrell, of Bicknoller, Somerset, who married Miss Eleanor Sarah Joy Williams, daughter of Sir Philip Williams, of Bridehead, Dorchester, and of the late Lady Williams, at Littlebredy, Dorset



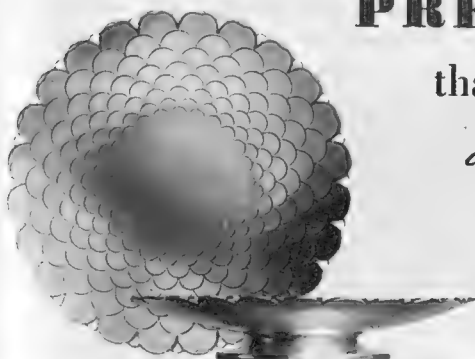
**Clowes — Henderson-Scott**

Mr. A. Somerset Clowes, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Clowes, of Palace Court, W.2, who married Miss Cherry Henderson-Scott, only daughter of Major and Mrs. W. M. Henderson-Scott, of Burley Beacon, near Ringwood, Hants., at St. Michael's, Chester Square



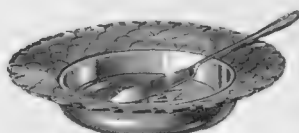
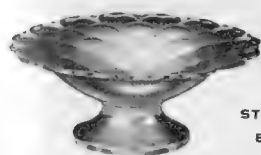
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Left to right from the top: Bow China figure, Fortnum and Mason's Antique Department; Ronson table lighter of Georgian, design, Fortnum and Mason's Gift Department; Twisted strands of coral with enamel clasp and a gilt and amethyst paste necklet, at D. H. Evans; Two bracelets of elephant's hair and gold, one with interlacing of coral, and a shagreen cigarette-case, from Marshall and Snelgrove; A silver-gilt filigree bracelet and another of embossed silver in an oriental design; White coral three-strand necklet with mother-of-pearl clasp and a silver-gilt filigree brooch, from D. H. Evans; Three-strand pearl necklace with central motif of paste, at Harrods

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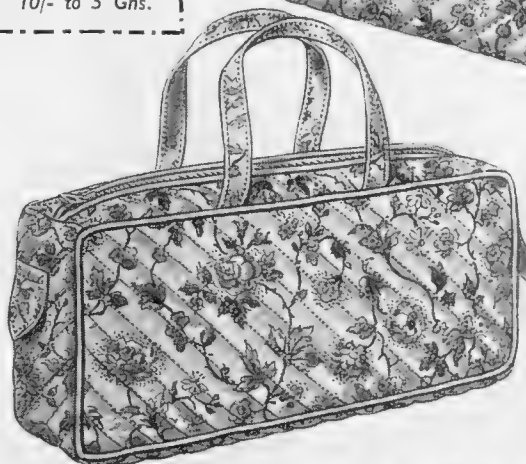
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## The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Bassano

**Miss Joan Evelyn Martin**, only child of Mr. W. M. Martin, O.B.E., J.P., and Mrs. Martin of Lyndecode House, Cumballa Hill, Bombay, who is engaged to Mr. John Edward Barrington Shaw, elder son of Capt. and Mrs. G. E. Shaw, of Nether Wallop, Hants



Swaebe

**Miss Nadia Henly**, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Henly, of Portland Place, W.1., and The Old Well House, Bournemouth, who is engaged to Capt. Graham Montague Jones, Coldstream Guards, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. Montague Jones, of Marston Ferry, Oxford



Pearl Freeman

**Miss Patricia Bedford and Lieutenant Christopher Bevan**, R.N., who are engaged to be married. Miss Bedford is the only daughter of the Rev. A. W. and Mrs. Bedford of Park Road, Winchester, and Lieutenant Bevan is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey Bevan, of Subukia, Kenya Colony



Henry Wykes

**Miss Pamela Wyndham Fison**, only daughter of Commander Fison, R.N., and Mrs. Fison, of Tiverton, Devon, who is engaged to Mr. Charles John Lywood, D.F.C., only son of Mr. C. Lywood, and Mrs. Lywood, M.B.E., of Exton, Devon



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**Miss Christine Williams**, the ward of Mr. C. E. Robertson, of Bombay, India, who has become engaged to Mr. John Charles Thorpe Reckitt, elder son of Brigadier J. T. Reckitt, M.C., and of Mrs. Reckitt, of Hans Place, S.W.1

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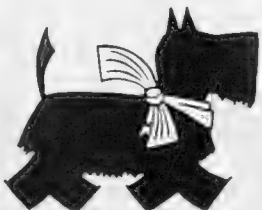
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## RECORD OF THE WEEK

IN November of last year the Swedish-born opera singer Set Svanholm made his first appearance in London at the Albert Hall. He was hailed as a Wagnerian singer par excellence, and was introduced to the record-buying public by His Master's Voice in February of this year singing two arias from *The Meistersingers*. Now he is back and singing at Covent Garden, having scored a big personal success by his singing and acting in the revival of *Siegfried*.

On his newest record Set Svanholm sings "Imbrunst Im Herzen," and "Da Naht Auch Ich" from Act 3 *Tannhäuser*, and while there is a good deal to admire and enjoy in the power and fine quality of the soloist's voice, I hope that Svanholm will be recorded here with one of our own recording orchestras conducted by one of our own British conductors, for neither of his records so far has done him justice. It is obvious that Svanholm is an intelligent musician, but intelligence does not always get over the hard surface of a gramophone record.

He made his début singing the baritone rôle of Silvio in *I Pagliacci* at the Royal Opera House in Stockholm, and after singing, with success, Radames in *Aida* he decided to settle down as a tenor, and it was then that he started to specialize in Wagner. There can be no question about his ability, but the choice of arias recorded has not so far been ideal—and he deserves being heard to the very best possible advantage. (H.M.V. D.B. 6737.)

Robert Tredinnick

One of the parties at the Operations Room Club reunion at the Church House Restaurant, Gt. Smith Street, Westminster, consisted of: Mr. K. S. Parker, Mr. P. R. Patrick, Mr. F. S. Pitt, Wing Cdr. F. W. Foster, D.F.C., D.S.C., and Mrs. L. W. Norman

## Coastal Command Operations Room Reunion



Captain R. L. Steele chats with his wife between sips of refreshment. They were two of a party of nine



Flight Lieutenant E. J. Steen and Mrs. Odette Richards were included in another of the dining table parties



S/Ldr. G. H. A. Lane and his wife catch sight of some old friends across the room

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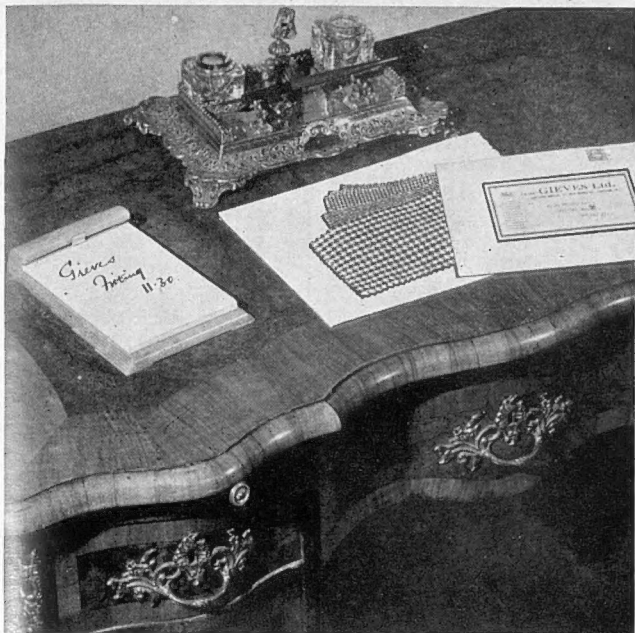
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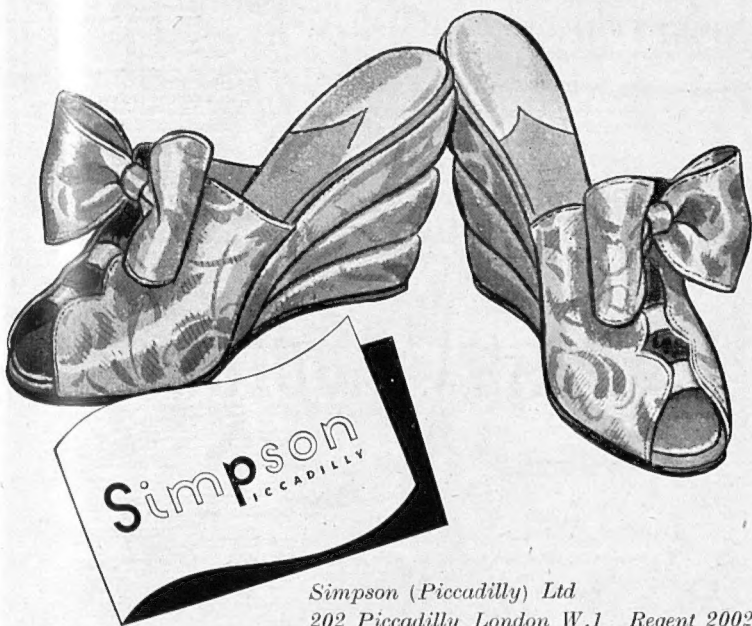
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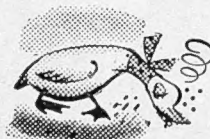
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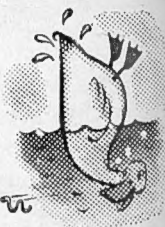
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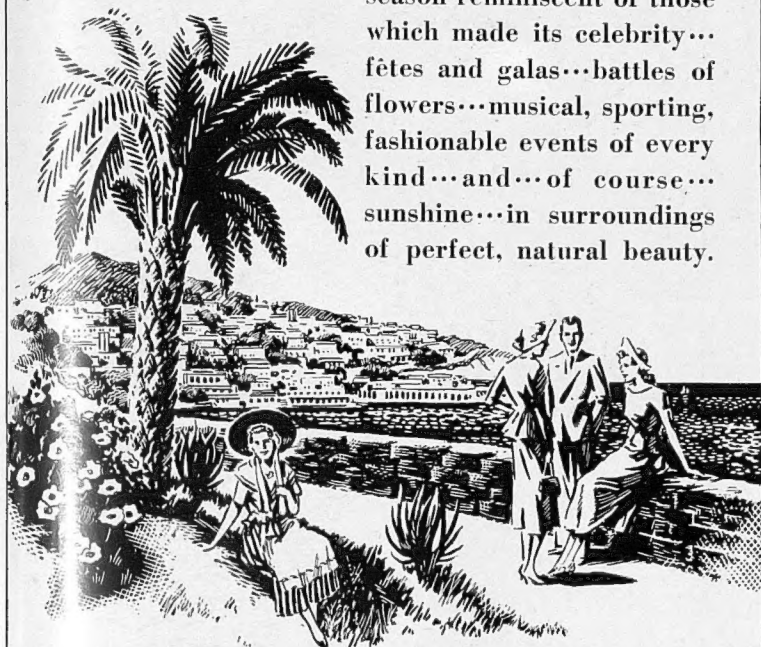
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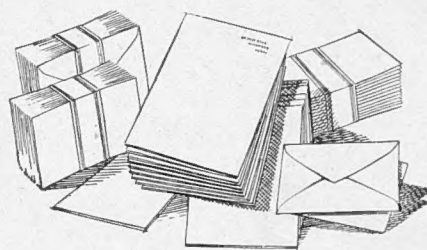
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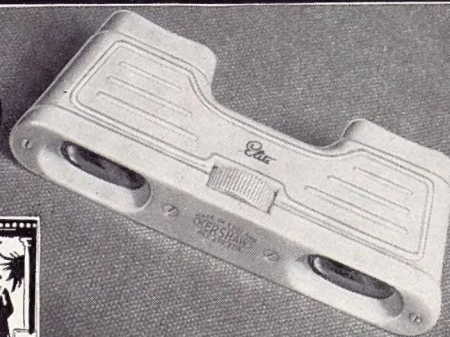
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